

sleeping has never been so easy

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sleeping has never been so easy

by [timelimez](#)

Summary

Knowing that Dream was on one of their friends' streams, George knocked softly on the door to his office rather than just barging in.

"One sec guys," Dream said as he muted his mic, turning to see George opening the door.

"Hi there." His voice softened, smiling at the sight of his sleepy boyfriend standing in the doorway.

"Hi," George murmured, tightening the blanket around his shoulders.

Notes

hi!!

i'm sorry i haven't posted in a while, i'm working on some really big works (sequel to princess, medieval proposal fic) and have been spending a lot of time on them, so i wanted to write something short and sweet for u guys in the mean time :D i'll probably go through and do some revisions on this tomorrow but i wanted to post tonight!

usual stuff, don't repost or share with ccs, i will not hesitate to take this work down if any ccs state they're not comfortable with this type of fanfic

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enjoy!! <3

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Knowing that Dream was on one of their friends' streams, George knocked softly on the door to his office rather than just barging in.

"One sec guys," Dream said as he muted his mic, turning to see George opening the door.

"Hi there." His voice softened, smiling at the sight of his sleepy boyfriend standing in the doorway.

"Hi," George murmured, tightening the blanket around his shoulders. He was wearing sweats and one of Dream's hoodies, hair still a little damp from his earlier shower.

"Couldn't sleep?" Dream asked, opening his arms for George and turning his chair.

George just nodded, happily stepping over to sit sideways across Dream's lap, resting his cheek on his shoulder. Dream's chuckle vibrated in his chest, making George close his eyes.

"Can I sit with you for a bit?" George asked quietly, nuzzling his face into Dream's neck. He could faintly hear their friend's laughter coming from his headphones.

"Course you can, George," Dream pressed a kiss to his head, easily wrapping his arms around George to get his hands back on his keyboard. "Is it okay if I go back to talking to everyone?"

George hummed softly in confirmation, just needing the comforting presence of his boyfriend sitting with him.

Dream kissed his head one more time before unmuting and starting to talk again, though this time much softer. George tuned out what he was saying, instead appreciating the familiar warmth of his laughter and weight of his arms around him.

After a few minutes, though, George shifted a little, nuzzling into Dream's neck and tugging at his shirt.

Dream was quick to mute himself, leaning back to rub George's back. "You okay, babe?" He asked softly.

George nodded, lifting his head and tilting his head up for a kiss. Dream happily gave him one, smiling against his lips as his boyfriend shifted to straddle his lap rather than sit sideways on it. He raised an eyebrow as he felt something poking at his stomach.

"So *this* is the reason you wanted to come sit with me, huh?" Dream chuckled, reaching a hand down to cup George's half-hard cock over his sweats.

George whined, face flushing, as he wrapped his arms around Dream. "Wanted to see you, too," He mumbled.

Dream hummed, squeezing his bulge before sliding his hand back to cup George's ass. "I'm talking with people, George, I can't fuck you right now,"

“No, I know, I just - just wanna sit for a bit. Can I?”

Dream sighed with a fond smile, leaning back and squeezing George’s ass. “You’re gonna have to get me hard first, honey.”

George nodded, leaning forward and pressing a kiss to Dream’s neck before reaching down to slip a hand into Dream’s own sweatpants. He wrapped his hand around his boyfriend’s soft cock, appreciating the big hand that tangled in his hair.

“There you go,” Dream murmured, kissing George’s forehead.

George let his head rest on Dream’s shoulder once more as he fondled his balls delicately, stroking his quickly filling cock. Dream groaned, tugging lightly at George’s hair.

“Good boy. Are you lubed up? Stretched?” Dream asked softly.

George nodded, standing up to drop his blanket and shimmy out of his sweatpants before settling back on Dream’s lap.

Dream’s breath caught in his breath at the sight.

“You’ve got your little panties on for me, huh?” He chuckled, hands settling on George’s hips.

Suddenly shy, George could only nod, burying his face in Dream’s neck and rutting his hips against Dream’s.

“They’re comfy,” He supplied weakly. After experimenting a bit with wearing lacy lingerie in the bedroom, George had found that he liked the way the underwear felt and fit him. He’d started wearing women’s underwear, not even for sexual reasons, but because it just felt nice.

He was wearing a simple pair of white cotton panties, the soft fabric hugging his ass and barely containing his hard, leaking cock.

“So you’ve said.” Dream hummed, slipping a hand under the panties to press a thick, warm finger into his hole.

George squirmed at the feeling. He’d already fingered himself earlier, so he was still slick and open, Dream’s finger sliding into him with little resistance.

“Good boy,” Dream cooed. George whined softly at the praise. Deeming that he had already stretched himself enough, Dream pulled his finger out. He guided George to lift his hips, just enough that he could push his own sweats and boxers down to pull his cock out.

George watched with big doe eyes, licking his perfectly soft lips. “Can I sit, please?”

Dream chuckled, firm hands settling on George’s slim waist. “Go ahead, princess.”

Heart warming at the pet name, George leaned into Dream’s chest as he slowly lowered himself onto his thick cock.

“Fuck, you’re tight, baby,” Dream groaned, hands gripping George’s hips.

George only whimpered softly, pressing sloppy kisses to Dream’s neck as he settled fully on his lap.

“How’s that? You think you can sit like this for a bit, baby doll?” Dream asked gently. “You can

say no.”

George shook his head, nuzzling closer to Dream’s warm body. “No, I wanna sit. ‘M okay.” He murmured.

“I’m gonna unmute. Let me know if you need anything, okay?” Dream kissed the top of George’s head.

“‘Mkay,” George mumbled, and then Dream’s was scooting his chair forward and his hands were on his keyboard.

As he spoke, Dream’s honey voice became comforting white noise to George, the warm rumble of his chest drawing him in and lulling him into an almost-sleep.

He always felt so safe and happy with Dream, and if it weren’t for his struggle to get completely comfortable sitting on such a fat cock, he might’ve actually fallen asleep.

He let out a tiny whimper, too quiet for Dream’s mic to pick up, but loud enough to make Dream mute himself and turn his attention to George.

“Are you okay, baby?” Dream asked, rubbing George’s back in an attempt to soothe him.

“Can’t get comfy, it - it’s too big,” He breathed out, shifting his hips to try and find a better angle, one that he could last longer at.

“Poor thing,” Dream cooed, kissing George’s forehead a few times. “Too small to take a cock this big, huh?”

George nodded helplessly, bringing a hand down to hold his stomach. “You’re all the way up here,” He sniffled.

Dream chuckled, helping adjust George to sit a little more comfortably, the older man leaning completely against his chest, face tucked into his shoulder. “How’s that, sweetpea? Feel a little better?”

George nodded meekly, wrapping both arms around Dream and hugging him. “Mm, feel r’lly full,” He whispered.

“My sweet little angel,” Dream kissed his head one more time, giving his waist a little squeeze and sending goosebumps across George’s body. Every touch Dream gave him was heavenly, no matter how small or non-sexual it was.

“I’m gonna unmute again. Sound good?”

George just nodded, kissing at Dream’s neck and starting to softly suck a mark into the skin.

“Good boy.” He praised, and then he was talking again.

George had no idea how long Dream was talking to their friends for. To be fair, he wasn’t really talking as much as he was occasionally making a few comments and rubbing George’s back, but still. It felt incredibly sweet, the fact that Dream would happily take care of George like this, even in the middle of talking to people.

He didn’t mind just sitting there, nice and filled up. Dream was so sweet and gentle with him, fingers occasionally running through the grown out hair on the back of his head as George fell

deeper and deeper into that hazy, submissive headspace. His own cock ached between his legs, untouched and leaking against the inside of his hoodie—one of his boyfriend's that he'd pulled on earlier when he was feeling lonely and needy.

Still, though, George didn't touch himself, just sitting still and taking Dream's cock like a good boy. It felt incredible, every slight movement having him shudder. He'd never felt so stretched out before; Dream was usually thrusting in and out of him at this point, but now, just sitting there with his cock stuffed inside of him, it was overwhelming in the best way possible.

It must have been at least ten or so minutes before George registered Dream saying his goodbyes to their friends and someone's chat, double and triple checking to make sure he'd left the Discord call before taking his headphones off and wrapping his arms around George's trembling body.

"Are you okay, honey?" That warm voice pulled George out of the trance he was in. He lifted his head blearily, shifting his hips weakly and looking up at Dream.

"Hey, George, are you with me?" Dream's voice grew a little more serious as he cupped George's cheek, gently thumbing the tears off of his cheeks—when had he started crying?

George nodded, leaning into the touch. "Feel really safe. Full." He mumbled, leaning forward to tuck his face into the crook of his boyfriend's neck once again.

"Okay. You remember your safe word?" Dream asked, cradling the back of George's head.

"Avocado." George said into Dream's shoulder, rocking his hips a little.

"Good. You think you can cum for me, baby? Be a good boy and cum on my cock?" He slid his hands down to George's waist, holding him firmly and bucking his own hips up.

George gasped softly. "Oh! Yes, please, wanna cum for you," He nodded, nuzzling further into Dream's warm touch.

"You were so good for me, baby doll. Sat on my cock like a good boy." Dream purred, wrapping both of his arms around George and hugging him close, opting to just lazily rock his hips up into him.

George moaned at the praise, squeezing his eyes shut to focus only on the pleasure Dream was giving him. "Thank you, I - I love being good for you,"

Dream kissed his shoulder, slipping a hand between them to wrap around George's neglected cock. "You're *so* good for me, sweetpea." He cooed.

George cried out, shifting his hips a little until Dream's cock brushed against his prostate with each languid thrust. "Fuck, please, r'lly close, please make me cum," He whimpered, more tears sliding down his cheeks.

"You can cum, baby. Show me how good you feel, hm?" Dream pumped his fist in time with his thrusts, and though they were slow, they were enough to send George over the edge. He cried softly into Dream's shoulder as he came, little legs trembling as he clenched down around his cock.

"There you go, good boy, you're so perfect," Dream worked him through it gently, pressing kisses wherever he could reach.

As soon as his orgasm had come to an end, a wave of exhaustion washed over George. He slumped against Dream, boneless.

Dream chuckled softly before carefully lifting the smaller man off of his cock. “Let’s get to bed, okay?” He asked quietly, scooping George up with an arm under his thighs as he stood.

Too tired and blissed out to complain that Dream hadn’t cum, George let out a hum as he snuggled into Dream’s arms.

He was deposited to the middle of their bed and instructed to lift his arms as Dream removed his dirty hoodie. Having been tired before he went to go sit with Dream, George slipped under the covers and got comfy.

Finally, the lights were turned off, and there was a dip in the mattress behind him, and then a familiar pair of strong arms was wrapping around him. “Get some sleep, baby. I love you.” Dream whispered, voice impossibly soft as he kissed the back of George’s head.

“Mm, love you too,” George mumbled, snuggling back into the inviting warmth of Dream’s chest, and then he was fast asleep, content and happy.

Dream smiled fondly, holding George close and giving him one more kiss before closing his own eyes and drifting off.

End Notes

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